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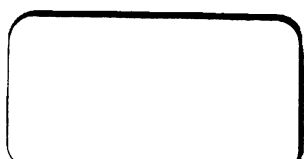
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Robert Bollen

THE

POEMS AND SONGS

OF

SUSANNA HAWKINS.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear—
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."—GRAY.

VOL. V.

DUMFRIES :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORESS BY J. M'DIARMID.

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TO THE
MOST NOBLE
THE
DOWAGER
MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

MY LADY,

A SCOTTISH PORTRESS, highly favoured with the patronage of your exalted name, humbly dedicates the following pages to your Ladyship. I was born near the famed camp of Burnswark, where the brave Caledonians fought against the Romans. 'Twas there, when at an early period of life, tending my master's cattle, the Muse first inspired me with a wish to sing the praises of the great God, who favoured my country with the light of truth, a righteous King, and just laws ; likewise the beauties of nature, love, admiration, and curiosity. She likewise whispered in my ear to keep by the Protestant Faith—the Established religion of the kingdom—to look around me, and Nature would tell me I had but one God to serve, and one faith to believe.



These, my Lady, were the feelings which prompted me to write the following verses ; and in the success of my writings, I have met a favourable reception from the public, by your patronage. Unaccustomed, as I am, to address a lady of your elevated rank, I trust you will overlook the blunt and unlettered manner in which I have taken the liberty of addressing your Ladyship. With heartfelt thanks,

I am,

My Lady,

Your obliged humble Servant,

SUSANNA HAWKINS.

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P O E M S.

TO THE MOST NOBLE THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

My Lady most noble, these four times I have
Most highly been honoured by you ;
And likewise the Douglasses, noble and brave,
And his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

Both ladies and gentlemen of highest rank
By your patronage show good will ;
I have been much honoured by your noble name—
The public do favour me still.

But these noble Ladies, the Douglasses brave,
I was sorry to hear when deceased—
I hope, by the grace of the great God on high,
That their graves are sweet beds of rest.

The righteous as well as the wicked do die,
And in their grave mouldering lies ;
When death and the grave must their power all resign,
The righteous to glory will rise.

I cannot address you as I ought to do—
Forgive me, my learning is small ;
My Lady most noble, to suit your high rank,
My words cannot order at all.

With feelings far warmer than I can express,
My Lady, your favour I prize.
I your most obedient here do remain,
And your humble servant likewise.

SUSANNAH HAWKINS

ON THE DEATH OF SIR FREDERICK GEORGE JOHNSTONE, BART., OF WESTERHALL.

I purpose to present the reader with an account of the death of the late Sir Frederick George Johnstone, Bart., of Westerhall. On the day before the very melancholy and memorable accident took place, the worthy gentleman visited Mr Park, one of his tenants, residing at Relief, and kindly enquired for Mr Johnstone, another of his tenants, and also for me, and requested Mr Park to inform me that he had not time to call at my house that day, but would call next time he came to Relief. I was overjoyed to hear that he had not forgotten me ; and as I intended next day to visit him at Westerhall, to present him with a poem, which I had composed, welcoming him and his honoured lady to Scotland, next morning I set out for Westerhall, but was only a short way from home when the dismal tidings reached me, that he had fallen from his horse and was killed on the spot. I still fondly cherished the hope that he might not be dead, but only hurt ; and it was not until I reached his princely mansion that I was convinced of the too true and sad reality. I also witnessed the mournful procession which brought home the remains of the lately gay and noble young gentleman—and what a sad proof of the uncertainty of time, and that none of us can boast of to-morrow ; for only three days before he went away in the bloom of youth, and the full display of vigour, and instead of meeting with joyous attendants on reaching home, he was stretched in his carriage, and followed by a train of mourners. It was a lamentable spectacle to behold the deep solemnity which was manifested while bringing in his dead body ; and many a deep-drawn sigh was heaved, whilst thinking of that late active frame which had resigned all bodily powers to inactivity and corruption. I, amongst many heartfelt mourners, followed the worthy Baronet's remains to their last resting place, and beheld amongst the tombs a great number who mourned the loss of him who, by a sudden and unexpected stroke was cut down in the prime of life—whose healthy looks
 life, and whose kind and charitable disposition

made many to rejoice. He sleeps now in the silent grave, where, at the resurrection, I trust he will be raised from the dead to a life of everlasting glory. He is much lamented, and will be long remembered. His memory will last through many generations; and for his many noble and amiable virtues, his fame will not die but with time.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE ABOVE.

SIR FREDERICK JOHNSTONE was a Baronet brave,
Of a noble mind, and of high degree;
For his great worth and manner always gave
A higher honour to his dignity.

In England he left his young lady gay,
A noble lady of great worth and fame;
He did not intend to be long away,
Then by her consent he unto Scotland came.

His business did require him to be
At his fine mansion-place, fair Wester-Hall;
But, ah! the tyrant Death he could not flee,
That swiftly rides along and conquers all.

By Kirtle streams he had a building fine,
The choice of hounds and horses he kept there;
Likewise a splendid room wherein to dine—
For the hunting season he did it repair.

Some of his friends and tenants did invite,
To meet him there that fatal night to dine;
The brave young Baronet did them kindly treat—
Few could compare with him for feelings kind,—

In best of friendship parted with them all,
He sorry was he could no longer stay:
That night he had to be at Westerhall,
Next morn at Annan, and to sail that day.

His good young factor then with him did go,
For home on horseback they both quickly went,
But, ah, alas! Sir Frederick did not know
His time on earth it was so nearly spent.

To see an old frail man he did alight,
 The said young gentleman was with him there ;
 He charged his daughter dear that very night
 That of her father she should take great care.

His love to men and his great charity,
 I hope great God on high will them regard ;
 To give him rest through all eternity,
 And that will be to him a great reward.

Then they on horseback soon did mount again—
 Sir Frederick's horse swift as the wind did fly ;
 Although the young man strove it was in vain,
 The brave young Baronet he could not come nigh.

The time appointed, and the destined place,
 At the very moment to the spot might go,
 Where from his horse he fell—but, ah, alas !
 The way he fell no man on earth doth know.

When the young gentleman unto him came,
 Sore grieved to see him prostrate on the ground,
 He raised him up and called him by his name,
 Till he with grief beheld the mortal wound.

The youth immediately, though all alone,
 Sought friends and surgeons soon to his relief ;
 But, ah, alas ! the vital spark was gone—
 Death came unseen, like to a midnight thief.

From the very moment we do life receive,
 Death on a pale horse doth us follow still ;
 And he never leaves us till he give the grave
 His power and victory over us at will.

The King of Glory sits on God's right hand ;
 He, our Priest, makes intercession for us all ;
 Death, King of Terrors, by God's great command,
 At a very moment must obey his call.

When death comes sudden we should not despair
 Of the tender mercies of great God on high ;
 The Holy Spirit doth the heart prepare—
 The period when we all must die.

In prime of life he like a flower did pass,
 New blown in beauty, and was then cut down ;
 We see our frailty when we see the grass
 Cut down and quickly fade upon the ground.

He from a child was very much esteemed,
 Fraternal care he had for all mankind ;
 The rays of virtue on his mind still beamed,
 But very few like him are left behind.

He through his lifetime was most useful still,
 Like a just steward under God's command ;
 Gave many labour, and by his good will
 He paid them always with a liberal hand.

The brave young gentleman, by rich and poor,
 By all he knew, he was beloved well ;
 Likewise his tenants all did him adore—
 For Christian love but few could him excel.

His fair young lady and his mother dear
 For his sad destiny in tears do mourn ;
 His friends have all for him shed many a tear,
 While he doth silent lie within the urn.

Both rich and poor do much lament the loss
 Of him—for many did on him rely ;
 The poor lament him much, and likewise those
 Whom he gave labour to for their supply.

Few could compare with him for charity ;
 Unto the friendless poor he was a friend :
 I hope by God he will rewarded be,
 And make him happy through time without end.

By the power of death he in the grave now lies ;
 I hope in triumph from their dark abode,
 He with joy unto eternal life will rise,
 At the last day to meet the Son of God.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR ROBERT GRIERSON.

A BARONET of great worth and fame,
 Who was beloved well,
 Both by the rich and humble poor
 That near by him did dwell.
 With liberal hand he gave his goods
 To those who wanted food ;
 And by good actions all his life,
 He was still doing good.

He lived long here a pious life—
 I hope he died in peace
 With God, and as the righteous man,
 His last end like to his.
 The rich lament his death—the poor
 His absence much do grieve,
 Because the worthy Baronet did
 Them in their straits relieve.

Although he was of high degree,
 Yet he did not forget
 The poor and needy—though he was
 Of noble birth and state.
 He still a good example gave
 Unto his family,
 That they should help and pity those
 That were of low degree.

Like to a shock of corn full ripe,
 He's gone unto his grave,
 In hope that to eternal life
 God will his soul receive.
 Although in solemn silence he
 Within his grave doth lie,
 He'll reign with God among the saints
 Before his throne on high.

The grave, though silent, daily cries
 To mortal man to come
 Within its gloomy shade, for that
 Will soon be all men's home.
 Death and the grave their sceptre sway
 O'er Adam's fallen seed ;
 But when the Seraph strikes the sound,
 They must give up the dead.

TO LADY CHRISTIAN DOUGLAS.

My noble lady of great worth,
 And birth of high degree,
 I promised your ladyship
 The first fruit of my tree.

This little apple's of no use,
 It's withered and small;
 It did not grow till it was ripe,
 The wind did make it fall.

It fell when I was far away;
 Though it was lifted soon,
 It withered like to the grass
 That is cut down at noon.

My noble lady of great worth,
 Your pardon I do crave;
 When I my promise wish to keep,
 I hope you'll me forgive.

This is the first fruit of my tree,
 For I no other had:
 Had it been large and beautiful,
 I would be very glad.

My lady, for the kindness great,
 By which you've honoured me,
 Your most obedient I remain,
 And while I live will be.

SUSANNAH HAWKINS.

ECONOMY AND INDOLENCE.

ONE morning, as the pleasant dawn
 Had off the light the curtains drawn—
 The flowers smell'd sweet in their full bloom,
 Unwrapt from night's nocturnal gloom—
 I met two nymphs upon my way,
 Which caused me awhile to stay.
 When light improved and them did see,
 They were Indolence and Economy:
 Economy was fair and gay,

And briskly stepp'd along the way ;
 Her modest looks and manners sweet
 Did many a one of worth invite.
 But Indolence look'd very sly—
 She had a false deluding eye,
 And many thousands did beguile,
 Deceived by her deceitful wile.
 Upon the way two youths did meet,
 Whom Indolence did kindly greet :
 She said to them—" O ! come with me,
 And never mind Economy ;
 Her order you must still obey,
 A heavy task she'll on you lay ;
 She'll make you toil both late and soon,
 And give you work aye when you're done ;
 And when you go unto a fair,
 To tarry long no time she'll spare ;
 You must go home before 'tis late,
 No time to ramble you will get."
 With words far smoother than the oil,
 She said, " With me you'll get no toil ;
 I'll let you go where'er you please,
 To ramble or to take your ease ;
 And when you go unto a fair,
 I'll be your crony when you're there ;
 Wherever you intend to go,
 With you I'll ramble to and fro."
 One of the youths she did entice,
 Deceived by her deceitful eyes ;
 She led the simple youth astray,
 The cruel wretch made him her prey.
 The other youth said in a rage,
 " Where is your meat, and what's your wage ?
 I see through that mask on your face,
 Upon your brow is writ disgrace !"

Then turned to fair Economy—
 She said to him, " O, come with me ;
 If you do come with me, indeed,
 By that you will get daily bread.
 A time I will allow you still,
 To serve your Maker at your will ;
 The Sabbath you may still enjoy,
 serve him free from all employ."
 gave him meat, and likewise clothes,

A time for silent sweet repose ;
 And unto him did daily call
 " Remember still the first of all."
 She kept him from bad company,
 Which leads men into misery ;
 From evil deeds did him protect,
 Until she led him to respect.
 His labours such increase did yield,
 That on a rock his house did build ;
 With handsome rooms, both great and small,
 The rock it was the firm back-wall.
 I was with great amazement struck,
 To see such works upon a rock.
 His wife and children with him share,
 They've bread enough and some to spare ;
 While even now we'll wish him joy,
 With all the fruits of his employ.
 Unto the youth we'll turn again,
 Who did Economy disdain—
 Though Indolence did still pretend,
 To be his choice and dearest friend,
 She unto him did daily call,
 To never mind his God at all ;
 And led him to bad company,
 Which still increased his misery,
 Made him profane the Sabbath-day—
 And by these means led him astray.
 She was his close companion still,
 And led him captive at her will ;
 She showed him each delusive toy,
 Which did his peace of mind destroy ;
 And when his money was all spent,
 He was oppress'd with grief and want—
 By Indolence got no employ,
 And was bereft of every joy ;
 She did so much on him impose,
 That she dressed him in ragged clothes ;
 A bed of straw and little bread,
 And he saw all his joys were fled ;
 With those ill men went more astray,
 To rob and steal on the highway.
 Those who such wicked lives do spend
 Oft come to an untimely end :
 He who doth walk in Wisdom's way,

She'll be his guide both night and day ;
 From her he will have peace and rest,
 And at the latter end be blest.
 He who doth lead a wicked life,
 Continually will live in strife ;
 As far as mortal man can see
 His latter end is misery.

ON A YOUNG MAN MURDERED AT BLACKBURN.

A YOUNG man went from Annan burgh fair,
 To Blackburn, and was bound apprentice there ;
 With a rich travelling merchant there did dwell—
 A steady lad, his master loved him well.
 Early one morning that young man did go
 Among his customers his goods to show ;
 His master's business he did not neglect,
 For all that knew him did him much respect.
 'Twas on Wilder Moor, on that self-same day,
 A cruel ruffian met him on the way ;
 For sake of gold the blooming youth he shot,
 Who instantly fell down upon the spot.
 Though gold and silver were his objects still,
 Much disappointed when he did him kill.
 The wicked murderer then went his way,
 Like to a lion that's in search of prey.
 Soon after that a girl did pass by,
 Near by an inn she saw him bleeding lie ;
 Unto the inn the girl ran with speed,
 And cried, " the Scotsman's shot, but is not dead !"
 Then from the inn they ran immediately.
 The image dreadful was that they did see ;
 Unto the murdered man they came with speed,
 Though mortal wounded yet he was not dead ;
 The blood was running from the deadly wound,
 Part of the brains and skull lay on the ground.
 The cruel villain had shot out one eye—
 All roll'd in blood upon his cheek did lie ;
 The people took him in, and with great care,
 And softly on a bed did lay him there,
 And gave him wine to cheer his fainting heart—
 His wounds were mortal, he did soon depart.
 The ruffian did another merchant meet,
 And him spake kindly, and his words were sweet—

He said, "I'm hunting, will you go with me ?
 The day is misty, and none will us see."
 Then said the youth, "I have no time to spend,
 My master's business I wish to attend."
 The young man from him quickly turned about—
 The rogue did cock his gun, but could not shoot—
 The youth then turned around and said, "indeed,
 Do you intend to shoot me through the head ?"
 Then said the villain, "Oh, did ye not see—
 A partridge o'er your head did quickly flee."
 Some men along the way to them drew near—
 The rogue then fled, and did their presence fear.
 The youth came to the inn and was surprised
 And grieved to think what death his comrade died ;
 When his dear parents the sad news did hear
 With grief were frantic and shed many a tear.
 The man suspected they took up and tried,
 He still pled innocent, and still denied :
 The youth suspected him, but dared not swear,
 By that he from the earthly judge got clear.
 Whoe'er he was that did commit that crime,
 He will have no peace on this side of time—
 If no repentance be within his breast,
 By deep despair he never will get rest—
 Like to an infant that doth cry and weep,
 His guilty conscience he would lull asleep
 Within his bosom—cannot plead his cause—
 A guilty conscience has severest laws—
 The guilt that doth within his bosom lodge
 Against him witness, and likewise his judge ;
 For God doth to his guilty conscience cry—
 "Accuse the murderer of his cruelty !"
 Within his mind he sees the man lie dead,
 Part of the skull and brains around his head,
 The bloody mortal wound and death-fixed eye,
 Likewise the mournful groans and deadly sigh.
 Great God on high doth on all murderers frown,
 His heavy judgments do on them pour down ;
 For blood to God doth still for vengeance cry
 To be avenged of that great cruelty.
 O wicked murderer, look to God on high
 And for his pardon to him daily cry,
 When thou before the righteous Judge doth stand,
 Lest for thy guilt be turned to his left hand.

HYMN ON THE RAINBOW.

THE bow that on the cloud appears,
 With lovely colours fine,
 Declares to all the earth it was
 Formed by a hand Divine.

It's token of God's covenant,
 To all in life doth show ;
 God made with every living thing
 That's on the earth below.

When from the darksome thunder cloud
 Falls down the heavy rain,
 That God by water never will
 Destroy the earth again.

The bow upon the cloud appears
 A token of God's love ;
 That he remembers everything
 That on the earth doth move.

But man, who was chief of God's works,
 That he on earth did form,
 The image of his Maker was,
 Till sin did him deform.

But great and wondrous was the love
 That God did show to man ;
 Though dead by sin, him raised to life,
 By the Redeemer's plan.

When God corrects us in his love,
 With a kind father's care,
 He heals the painful wounds he gave,
 A bed of rest prepares.

That wonderful and lovely bow,
 That on the cloud appears,
 Declares God's promise never fails,
 His mercy's ever near.

LINES ON MR DOUGLAS AND HIS LADY.

EACH morn before the sun doth rise,
 Which is the glorious source of light,
 The ancient darkness quickly flies
 Away before his presence bright.

When he doth rise his splendid beams
 Adorn the hills and mountains high ;
 And likewise his pure golden ray
 Most beautiful the flowers doth dye.

The pretty flowers that mildly blush,
 Upon the ground do quickly fall ;
 They show to us that mortal man
 Must still be ready at the call.

For man is like unto the flowers,
 His days do like a shadow fly ;
 When his appointed time hath come,
 That very moment he must die.

My master and his lady fair
 Were suddenly both called away,
 Like unto flowers that are plucked up
 Before old age makes them decay.

For morals good and manners kind,
 But very few like them there were ;
 For charity and tender love
 Not many with them could compare.

Although they were of high degree,
 The Douglas brave, of ancient fame,
 They did respect the humble poor,
 Those who by worth had a good name.

Where silence still commands an awe,
 They lie within a peaceful grave,
 In hopes the Friend of all mankind
 At the last day will them receive.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS NIVISON.

LAMENT NO MORE concerning your
 Dear mother's sudden death ;
 For all men do begin to die
 That moment they draw breath.

For man doth as a shadow pass,
 And is uncertain here :
 When darkness doth o'ershade the beam
 The shadow disappears.

She lived in love to God and man,
 While she did here remain ;
 And never one of Adam's race
 Did seek God's face in vain.

They who do walk in wisdom's path
 Will see a pleasant ray,
 To lead them to the happy place
 Of everlasting day.

When death o'ertakes them on the way,
 And quickly sheds his gloom,
 He only by commission comes
 To call the pilgrims home.

She very much respected was,
 By both the rich and poor ;
 Her absence and her sudden death
 Caused many to deplore.

When there is hope do not lament
 A sudden death at all ;
 For God doth still a place prepare,
 Before he gives the call.

 TO MRS HOGG.

DEAR MADAM, these few lines I write
 But very simple are ;
 With the works of the Mountain Bard
 Can not at all compare.

Each summer morn when he walk'd out,
 To tend the harmless sheep,
 The Muse did still attend him there
 Upon the mountain steep.

Whenever that his works sublime
 Had not the proper clink,
 The Muse did quickly mend his quill,
 And fill his glass with ink.
 Though I should stand upon a hill,
 Or sit in a low glen,
 It's very seldom that my Muse
 Doth give me ink or pen.

But yet perhaps my sickly Muse
 May soon far better thrive,
 And lead me up Parnassus hill,
 And there my mind revive.
 I for your favour do thank you
 With feelings of good will ;
 Your most obedient I remain,
 So I'll lay down my quill.

LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY.

DEAR MADAM, when ye read these lines
 That I do send to you,
 I hope you will receive them well,
 Although they are but few.

The very best works I can write
 Are very simple rhymes,
 Compared to those that Burns did write,
 For they are most sublime.

But yet perhaps my sleepy Muse
 May soon my heart inspire,
 And pour into my stupid mind
 Imagery and fire.

No proper culture's in the soil
 Whence her ideas grow :
 By nature yet a rose may spring,
 Among the weeds to glow.

I for your favour do thank you,
 To me you have been kind ;
 I likewise will remember still
 Your noble turn of mind.

No more at present I will write,
 But here these lines will end ;
 I still remain your well-wisher,
 And most obedient friend.

SUSANNAH HAWKINS.

LOVE SENTIMENTS.

My love is like a pretty flower,
 Most beautiful to see ;
 Her voice sweet as the nightingale
 That sings upon the tree.

My love is like a lily fair,
 That mildly blows in June ;
 Or like the bonny blooming rose,
 That blushes sweet at noon.

My love is like the hawthorn mild,
 In bloom that sweetly smells—
 Of all the blossoms in the wood,
 The hawthorn far excels.

Each bird sings sweetly with his mate,
 Down by the river side,
 Upon the pretty blooming trees,
 That flourish in their pride.

My love you are most beautiful,
 And virtuous, and kind ;
 There is no female on the earth
 Save you can ease my mind.

I send these lines to you my love—
 When ye do them receive,
 If ye do a kind answer send,
 Then that will me relieve.

CONVERSATION BETWIXT TWA DOGS.

'Twas early on a summer morn,
 When watches waved amang the corn,
 Low growin' gowans did adorn
 The fields sae fair,
 Beside a bonny blooming thorn—
 Twa dogs sat there.

The ane a bonny dog ca'd Watch,
 Sae wise that few dogs could him match;
 The flocks alone himsel' could fetch
 Frae hill and field;
 The strongest ewes and wethers catch,
 An' make them yield.

An' Tema was the ither's name,
 A shepherd's dog that nane could blame
 For straying late or far frae hame,
 The fields amang;
 He never did disturb the game,
 Ner hurt the young.

He to a baronet did belong,
 Whiles went wi' him the flocks amang,
 Wi' him and gentlemen, when throng
 Wi' dogs an' guns;
 Likewise on muirs, baith wide and lang,
 Amang the hounds.

Then Tema said, "The morning's clear,
 Come sit ye down, ye need'na fear,
 Our flocks are feeding very near—
 We can them see;
 An' tell me a' the news ye hear,
 An' frien'ly be.

When I met you on yon hill-slack,
 When wi' Sir Frederick, ye ne'er spak',
 Disdainfully ye turned your back,
 An' went away;
 I fain wad ha'en wi' you a crack
 That very day."

Said Watch, "I must by no means leave
 My master, the young baronet brave,
 Myself I wisely must behave,
 An' wi' him stay;
 Wi' ither dogs I maunna rave,
 Nor gang away."

Said Tema,—“Ye are fat an' fair,
 I'm sure ye very happy are,
 Your bonny back is fine an' clear,
 A glossy black;
 Come tell me a' the news ye hear,
 An' gie's your crack."

Said Watch,—“I'm sure that's very true,
 For ance I was the same as you,
 The brave young baronet, kind and true,
 I will attend;
 If I could any better do,
 I wad amend.

When he doth to the hunting go,
 I follow him, and will do so,
 O'er hill and muir and valleys low,
 Whate'er betide;
 I'll run wi' him baith to and fro,
 Close by his side.

Ae day as I went through a bog,
 I saw a bonny colly dog,
 That quietly ran to a dead hog,
 An' did it eat,
 An' greedily the flesh did tug,
 For want o' meat.

Said I to him, 'What gars ye tatter
 At a dead sheep among the water,
 I'm sure at hame ye may get better
 Than a dead hog?'
 He said, 'At hame it is nae matter
 About a dog.

'For very ill they do me use,
 By them I'm very sair abused,

They gie me but a wee sup brose,
 But ance a day, *
 An' bits o' crum's that they do choose
 To throw away.

' The cannie lass whiles claps my head,
 An' slips me down a bit o' bread,
 A wee sup broth when I hae need
 An' ill wi' hunger,
 An' if the guidwife see, indeed
 It wad her anger.

' Sometimes a bane like a hame-blade,
 When a' the best o't she has made,
 Frae her hands blacker than a tade
 Doon will it thraw,
 An' bid me gang aneath the bed,
 An' on it gnaw.

' What they gie me they gae't wi' spite,
 Though very seldom worth a mite,
 At the puir servant-lass will flyte
 If they her see ;
 If they could want me, no a bite
 They'd gie to me.

' The auld gudeman cries ' dear son Willie,
 Put out that cauld-rife singed colly ;
 To see him there it is a folly,
 Gie him a clout ;'
 An' he will rise just like a bully
 An' put me out.

' When he puts on his Sunday dress,
 He vapours lighter than a ghaist ;
 Wi' his surtout and velvet vest,
 An' owerling cloak,
 He's naething either more nor less
 But just a gouk !

' He is far prouder than a prince,
 To a' things brave he makes pretence—
 By that he shows his ignorance,
 Folk a' do see ;

He is a sport to folk o' sense
That's fu' o' glee.

' The auld gudewife cried, ' dochter Tibbie,
The colly dog is in the lobby !'
An' she did get an auld black nibby,
An' did me chop :
She's naething but a senseless booby,
A silly fop.

' Last night I got an unco whauck—
She brak' the kail-stick o'er my back ;
The supper sowens were to mak—'
She cried, ' O, mither,
I dinna ken what way we'll tak'
To get anither.'

' She said, ' we'll do the best we can—
Come here an' stir them wi' your han' ;
When hot she for the nibby ran,
An' did stweel
Put it into the sowens' pan,
An' stirr'd them weel.

' What think ye o' our gaudy miss
For doing sic a trick as this ?
Her ear-rings, and her dandy dress,
Silk cloak and muff—
For a' the gowd and gear she has,
She's but a guff !

' They gie their servants little meat,
An' what they get they scarce can eat,
But hanger mak's the morsel sweet,
Though it be bad—
If they had better, 'neath their feet,
It tramp they wad.

' Because I winna bite the poor
That come a-begging to their door,
The auld gudeman does clink me sore,
Likewise the wife ;
An' if they darst, I'm very sure
They'd take their life.'

Said I to him, ' I'm very sure
Sic folk as these that are in power,
That never will assist the poor,
Or them defend,
Their gold and silver will devour
Them in the end.

‘ I sorry am to hear the like,
Sic usage gien to ony tyke ;
Ye are not fit to loup a dyke,
Or climb a braise,
To see ye step across the sike,
It mak’s me wae.’ ”

Said Tema, "neither milk nor meal
My master spares, but feeds me weel;
I gang wi' him o'er hill an' field,
An' moor an' lea—
He's a kindly shepherd chiel,
An' kind to me."

Said Watch, "dear Tem, if man wad tell
What grief he brought unto himsel',
An' misery on us befel,
When he did fa'—
When everything at peace did dwell,
He brak' the law."

Some say I canna rhyme indeed,
By Burns's works I do come speed—
For them I dinna care indeed
What they do say ;
My simple Muse she doth me feed
Day after day.

LINES ON THE SUGAR-STICKS AND BALLS.

ONE day as I went unto fair Westerhall,
The green leaves were pretty on trees low and tall ;
The beautiful river was raised by the rain,
Its torrent did foam like the waves on the main :
Sir Frederick that night was at home I did hear,
With him Rouse and Wyndham these gentlemen were

By his honour I was admitted to their company,
 Among the brave gentlemen jovial and free.
 Sir Frederick with Rouse at a game there did play,
 Upon a fine table of colours most gay,
 With beautiful balls of fine sugar-sticks clear,
 Like pure sculptured marble their lustre all were.
 Mr Wyndham joined not with the brave gentlemen,
 Yet near by the table he still did remain,
 He was much amused to see the fine game ;
 And bravely they strove like great warriors of fame.
 It was pleasant to see how these gentlemen brave,
 Like two valiant heroes, the sugar-sticks waved.
 With them like swords glittering they did the balls roll—
 The pretty red ball did the others control ;
 The gentlemen made them to pass through and through,
 The red one gained as much as the other two ;
 The gentlemen strove who the most games should win,
 And were friendly to part when the evening was done.

MY JOURNEY FROM SCOTLAND INTO ENGLAND.

NEAR the famed camp of Burnswark, fair Dumfriesshire's pride,
 Which is my dear native where I do abide ;
 On the 8th day of August I there took my way,
 For Annan fair burgh to sail thence next day.
 With brave Captain Sewell on shipboard I went,
 To go unto Liverpool was my intent ;
 When I went to Liverpool I many did see
 Of my favourite Scotch friends who were kind to me.
 When I was in Liverpool I saw there pass through,
 Some of our Scotch armies, brave, loyal, and true ;
 The valiant dragoons did most splendid appear,
 Their armour did shine like the silver most clear ;
 Artillery-men with their cannon likewise,
 For valour and honour we equally prize.
 They marched quick through Liverpool, to Manchester
 went,
 To lie a while there by our young Queen's consent.
 But when I did go into Manchester town,
 from old Scotland of worth and renown—

Those who for my welfare an interest did take,
 I was highly favoured when there for their sake.
 I went to the church a Scots minister to hear,
 I saw the brave soldiers my countrymen there,
 All dress'd in their uniform sitting around,
 With their swords by their side, and all true to the
 crown.

To Bolton I went, and a short while did stay,
 I met many Scots friends there all in one day ;
 One of my young countrymen did me intreat,
 To go unto Blackburn, my friends there to meet.
 In all these said places I likewise did find,
 The English people still were very kind ;
 As I went through Diron I also did see,
 Some of my dear neighbours who were kind to me.
 When I went to Blackburn I did not neglect,
 To call for my Scotch friends, being all of respect ;
 I met with a kind friend, who me entertained,
 While I was in Blackburn with her I remained.
 By some of my parish and parishes near,
 I was kindly treated by my neighbours dear ;
 Had kind invitations from them every day ;
 The time passed on like the bright morning ray.
 I went to the church 'mong my neighbours around,
 As I'd been in Hoddam or fair Annan town ;
 With warmest of feelings my heart did rejoice,
 To hear my brave countrymen all in one voice.
 In Bury and Rochdale I likewise did find,
 Some of my dear neighbours who were very kind ;
 In all these said places I likewise did see,
 The English people were jovial and free.
 Well may my friends prosper in health, wealth, and
 grace,
 All whom I have mentioned in every place ;
 And peace and great happiness likewise enjoy,
 May love both contention and envy destroy.
 The brave Scottish thistle and English red rose,
 Entwine with each other and beauty disclose ;
 Their fragrance delightful hath a pleasant smell,
 The emblems of Britain none can them excell.
 The harp of old Ireland tunes a pleasant lay,
 Adorned with the rose and the thistle most gay.
 If any bold enemy threaten us harm,
 The harp will the rose and the thistle alarm ;

If any invader should come to our land,
 The briar of the rose shall bring blood from his hand ;
 If any usurper Victoria oppose,
 The thistle will soon put an end to her foes.

THE NEWCASTLE WAREHOUSE.

I WENT to Newcastle that stands by the Tyne,
 I saw there a warehouse—'twas both rich and fine ;
 Not one of the city of London most fair,
 Not one of all England can with it compare.

Both ladies of honour and gentlemen brave
 Can get there as fine cloth as they wish to have ;
 The silks and the satins most splendid do shine—
 Of them the gay ladies buy dresses most fine.

To furnish fine bed-rooms, how fine ere they be,
 They can suit them there to the highest degree ;
 And beautiful carpets they have in great store,
 Of all kinds of qualities can be wished for.

And ribbons, and laces, and finest of goods,
 Though not expressed here, it is well understood ;
 For both rich and poor may still suit themselves there
 Of all kinds of clothing they do wish to wear.

For worth and good morals these gentlemen brave,
 Who own the said warehouse, great honour do have ;
 For they do keep in their establishment great,
 Men of good respect, who are wise and discreet.

They do behave wisely and order all well,
 That few in old England these young men excell ;
 Good qualifications and virtues they have,
 Though their minds are humble, their actions are brave.

The union they have is of honour and grace :
 If any young brother be out of a place,
 If he be a young man that's of good report,
 They by liberality will him support.

Convivial meetings they have, I do hear,
 When they our young Queen and her consort do cheer,
 These brave loyal subjects do drink their health round,
 And have bears the sway when their joys do abound.

They have a fine library in that warehouse large,
 While seven brave young men of it have a charge ;
 Those who wish to join them who learning do love,
 By books and good talents they may well improve.

Oh ! may they well prosper, these gentlemen brave,
 And all those said young men that so well behave ;
 Of all those good virtues that they do show forth,
 The whole of them all do accompany worth.

HOUSEHOLD FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN I went to Northumberland,
 Unto Newcastle fair,
 I was a stranger in that place—
 I had few acquaintance there.
 I thought before I came from home
 That few would there me know,
 But very soon good friends I found,
 Who did great friendship show.

A brave young English gentleman,
 That's of a noble mind,
 By letters introduced me to
 Fair ladies that were kind.
 They both were very kind to me,
 Being ladies of great fame—
 The one a gay young lady was,
 From Edinburgh city came.

She did me kindly entertain,
 And likewise did me send
 Unto her sister dear, who proved
 A very faithful friend ;
 For she did highly honour me,
 And kindly introduced
 Me to a good Scotch minister,
 Who dwells within her house.

The kindness I will not forget,
 They showed when I was there,
 For Providence did me direct
 To those who God do fear ;

For ministers the servants are
 Of Him who reigns above ;
 And for their Master's sake we should
 Them reverence and love.

Those ladies and their children dear
 Are beautiful and fair ;
 But beauty with their virtues good
 Can not at all compare.
 May all I've mentioned in these lines
 Have health, and wealth, and peace ;
 And at their latter end at death
 May all be heirs of grace.

THE LITTLE ORATOR.

As night a little pig cam' in—
 It sat right quiet an' made nae din,
 And out again it didna rin,
 But down it sat ;
 At length wi' me it did begin
 To have a chat.

An' said, "ye folk do nought like fair,
 Ye drank my health, an' did nae mair ;
 A drop o' spirits could not spare
 To me a pig ;
 Ye did think shame wi' me to share,
 Ye were sae big.

"I carena either who or what
 Whose health ye drink—a pin for that !
 Ye care nae mair than that black cat
 For me at a' ;
 Ye for my maister wished me fat,
 An' that was a'.

"If spirits ye do often drink, '
 Your purse will quickly lose the clink,
 Likewise your mind in fame will sink ;
 When folk do hear,
 They will at ane anither wink,
 An' laugh and jeer.

“ An’ to gie o’er few will ye ask,
 If ye should sit and drink a cask ;
 Then ye will wear the drunkard’s mask—
 A giddy head ;
 Ye’ll no can spare me then a husk,
 Or a kale blade.

“ When spirits do men’s senses jumble,
 In ditch an’ mire they will tumble,
 They by no means can then dissemble
 When folk do see ;
 I’m very sure they do resemble
 A pig like me.”

Said I, “ the temperate fouks wi’ tracts,
 An’ a’ the means that they can tak’,
 O’ a the speeches e’er they spak’,
 Tho’ e’er sae true,
 There’s nane o’ them a speech can mak’
 As weel as you.

“ If ilka ane wad be that wise,
 An’ tak’ frae you that gude advice,
 Ere they drank *ance* they wad think *twice*,
 When to give o’er,
 Lest danger come in deep disguise,
 An’ them o’erpower.”

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS INTENDED LADY.

Down by the pleasant banks o’ Clyde
 I’ll walk each morning clear
 Along with my dear lovely maid,
 The lady I love dear.

When ships are coming with the tide,
 And some are going away,
 And some do in the river lie
 And for a while do stay.

When gowans fair bedeck the green
 Along the river side,
 I’ll walk there with my lovely maid,
 My dear intended bride.

HYMN ON THE SEASON 1840.

How great and marvellous are the works
 Of Him who reigns above,
 And still shows to the sons of men
 His kindness and his love.

This present year the seed-time was
 Both pleasant, warm, and dry,
 Which did declare the wondrous works
 Of Him who reigns on high.

The corn and grass, on hill and field,
 Did very early spring ;
 The trees did bud, the flowers did bloom,
 And birds did sweetly sing.

In summer darksome clouds did lour,
 And heavy rains did fall ;
 The stormy winds did loudly blow,
 But God o'er-ruled them all.

The leaves from off the spreading trees,
 Unto the ground down fell ;
 The blooming flowers blew from their stems,
 And lost their pleasant smell.

The stormy winds did cease to blow,
 The weather then grew mild ;
 The darksome clouds did fly away,
 And nature sweetly smiled.

The sun did shine o'er hill and field,
 And on the valleys low ;
 His genial heat made flowers and grass
 Abundantly to grow.

The corn and grass abundantly
 A full increase did yield ;
 The goodness of the mighty Lord
 Was seen in every field.

In harvest He good weather sent,
 Though rain did oftentimes fall;
 To gather food for man and beast,
 For God o'er-rules them all.

Give thanks to Him who reigns on high,
 Who is the God of might;
 Who by his goodness bless'd the year,
 Brought darkness unto light.

LINES ON A YOUNG MAN WHO MET HIS DEATH

BY BEING ACCIDENTALLY BURNT IN A LIME KILN.

Oh, well may the Father lament his dear son,
 And will while the blood doth warm in his veins run,
 To think such a death that his dear son did die,
 And with grief he'll remember that sad destiny.
 The father had taken the lime-kilns that year,
 Of such a misfortune had no dread or fear,
 The son with the father most willingly wrought,
 And the stones to the kiln by a horse and cart brought.
 One day that the lime-kiln was drawn out below—
 But, alas! the poor young man the same did not know—
 To throw out some stones he stepp'd on to the brink,
 And without any remedy quickly did sink.
 When this sad misfortune the young man befell,
 The grief of his father no mortal can tell,
 For out of the lime-kiln they scarce could him keep,
 With deepest of sorrow he did grievously weep.
 His poor tender heart was then frantic with grief
 When for his dear son they could find no relief,
 Within the hot furnace his body did boil;
 But I hope that God would receive his poor soul.
 They used all endeavours his body to save
 That his father might lay his remains in the grave,
 But in the hot furnace it quickly fell down,
 And nought but a part of the skull could be found.
 His brothers and sisters they wept bitterly
 To think such a death their dear brother should die:
 He was much respected—his friends mourn'd him sore,
 Likewise all who knew him they did him deplore.
 If he in the Saviour be fallen asleep,
 He will both his soul and his body safe keep—

Although that his ashes are on the ground tost
 There will not one particle of them be lost,
 And when the Archangel shall strike the last sound,
 Then the dead from their graves shall arise all around,
 His dust will then animate, though scattered it be,
 And quickly spring up to immortality.
 The very same body that burn'd in the flame,
 The great God on high will restore him the same ;
 The sea and the land will the dead then restore,
 And the whole race of man must the Judge stand before.
 I hope with his father in joy he'll meet there
 Among the blest saints with the Judge in the air,
 By the mercy of God to eternal life rise—
 With love he will wipe all the tears from their eyes.

ON THE GOOD ORDER OF SIR FREDERICK'S
HOUSE.

AROUND fair Westerhall
 Are the fine pleasure grounds all,
 In the summer they're lovely and green ;
 When the pleasure trees do glow,
 And the flowers do sweetly blow,
 They most beautiful are to be seen.

The brave young Baronet goes,
 When the summer verdure blows,
 He walks by the mild river clear—
 When the little birds do sing,
 And the pretty flowers do spring,
 And the hawthorns their blossoms do bear.

When the sweet smiling thorn
 Doth the river-side adorn,
 And the roses and lilies do blush ;
 And when the sun doth shine,
 All his sweets are more divine,
 And his golden beams do paint every bush.

If I could but indite
 I do now intend to write,
 Of the young Baronet's fine mansion-hall ;

Of his servants that are there,
 They discreet and prudent are,
 So here I will them mention all.

With Febray I proceed,
 Who is Steward now indeed,
 All things are committed to his charge ;
 He orders all things well,
 And but few can him excel—
 His recommendation is large.

When Sir Frederick did dine
 With the gentlemen most fine,
 The table with splendour did shine.
 Still at his honour's call,
 He did wait upon them all,
 And he brought in the spirits and wine.

Likewise the valet too,
 Is obedient and true ;
 He waits on his honour with grace ;
 All the servants in the hall,
 And the grooms both great and small,
 Are very kind and prudent in their place.

I wish them all success,
 Long life and happiness,
 May all in the house prosper well.
 I will lay down my pen,
 Of my lines I've made an end,
 As I've writ them with very good will.

WILY AND CLEM.

As Wily did go out one day,
 To tend the harmless sheep,
 And little Clem he followed her,
 And climb'd the mountains steep.

Then Wily turn'd about and said,
 " Turn back again my son ;
 The hills are very high indeed,
 On them ye cannot run."

"If you will let me go," said Clem,
 "I would go every day,
 To tend the flocks where ye do go,
 And gather those that stray."

"Turn back again, my little dear,
 With me ye cannot go;
 Look at the high and lofty hills,
 How they are clad with snow.

"You cannot go with me, my dear,
 For you are far too young;
 To let you go these six months yet.
 It would be a great wrong.

"Turn back again to little Wait,
 And tend the lambkin Bess;
 Before ye tend a meikle flock,
 Ye first must tend a less.

"For Bess doth pop about the door,
 Whiles to the kitchen come;
 So you and Wait must be content,
 To stay with her at home.

ON THE GREAT STORM OF 7TH JANUARY, 1839.

ART AND NATURE.—CANTO IV.

ONE morning in January the rain fell down fast,
 And at midnight arose a most terrible blast,
 And the gloom of an earthquake appeared in the sky,
 And the heavy clouds loured, and the vapours did fly,
 And the lightning did shine, and the thunder did roll,
 And the strong wind destroy'd without earthly control;
 By the air's heavy pressure the houses did shake,
 And some thousand trees fell, and the forests did quake;
 And the wild raging waves did beneath the storm roar,
 And they rose like great mountains, and roll'd on the
 shore;
 By the high swelling tide many houses fell down,
 And all swept into wreck lay low on the ground;
 And the ships in the ocean were dreadfully tost;
 Of the crews of the sea many hundreds were lost;

And many a strong ship sunk among the rude waves,
Which caused thousands to sleep in deep watery graves.
That night Art and Nature each other did greet,
In a grove where the tide and the river did meet,
Then fair Nature did tremble and sadly deplore,
But Art was far livelier than he was before ;
Then said Art unto Nature, " The thunder is near,
And the beautiful lightning is vivid and clear,
It shines on the river, and it rolls on the stream,
And ascends to the clouds like to incense the beam."
Then said Nature, " The lightning through darkness
doth gleam,

And ascends to the air with a beautiful beam,
And the thunders that roll, and the tempests that fly,
They show forth the glory of the great Powers on
high."

Said Art, " When I see how the dreadful strong wind,
That doth make the waves roar, that no rest they can
find,

And thousands of lives are lost on both sea and land,
Oh, how small is the help of the weak human hand !"
Then said Nature, " Behold how the trees do lie low,
And the storm all around us its great power doth show,
By the air's heavy pressure more houses do fall,
Than the mighty wind by its tremendous squall,
The dark earthquake gloom on the clouds still appears,
Such a strong wind hath not been these last hundred
years ;

Though the storm is most terrible on both sea and land,
In a moment must still by the Most High's command."

Then said Art unto Nature, " I wish to acquire
More knowledge of earth, air, and water, and fire,
And of three of these elements this day I do see,
That in strong combination they all do agree."

Then said Nature, " All living is formed of the ground,
And of these four elements they are a compound,
And when the great Creator gave everything birth,
He by fire and air gave existence to earth ;
And the earth to the air and the fire doth cry,
To contract from the waters—her surface is dry,
And to rise up in vapour and fall down in rain,
And from the earth 'twill return to the waters again.
The sun, the enlivener, with his golden ray,
He is the glorious orb that doth rule the day ;

By his cheering beams all things earthly rejoice,
 And they praise their Creator with a passing voice.
 Though man is the chief of all things here below,
 He by his disobedience hath more grief and woe;
 He should praise his Creator, and with love do his will,
 For the storms bid man praise him, for they praise him
 still.

Ye do see how the fire, and water, and air,
 For both man and beast most destructive they are;
 But most kindly the earth all her offspring maintains,
 And when dead in her bosom she takes man's remains."
 Said Art, "When I asked ye, ye still said me nay,
 How the high-swelling waves do the moon still obey,
 At her change & her height how the swelling tides flow."
 Then said Nature, "The reason why there no man
 doth know,

And the moon's great influence that's over the sea
 Has been from the beginning, and ever will be;
 By the Most High's command, in my bosom I keep
 Of the secrets important that are in the deep."
 Then the storm ceased from raging on both sea and land,
 And the dark clouds dispelled by the Most High's com-
 mand.

Then Art said to fair Nature, "I will go away,
 And the next time we'll meet on a fine summer day."

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S LOVE TO A LADY.

Along the banks of Annan's streams
 Where spreading trees do grow,
 That overshadow the river deep
 Which beautiful doth flow.

When trees and flowers in beauty blow,
 And have a sweet perfume,
 I'll walk with my dear lovely maid
 When these are all in bloom.

Each morn when dew doth gild the plain
 Their odour scents the air,
 I'll walk along the river side
 With that young lady fair.

I'll pu' the blossoms off the thorn,
 And from each blooming shade;
 Of these I'll make a posy fine
 For my dear lovely maid.

THE GREEDY CRAW.

Or, a Satire on those People of the World in general, who like to exact more than they well have a right to.

Ae day I wander'd o'er a bog,
 Amang the heather an' the fog,
 I saw a crow at a dead hog—
 'Twas lying dead ;
 Anither, wi' a sma wood log,
 Flew o'er my head.

It o'er the hill flew in a hurry ;
 Wi' admiration I did tarry,
 To think a crow was fit to carry
 Such a large raft ;
 I thocht it was a witch or fairy,
 That had some craft.

The ither crow said, " Do not wonder,
 Or yet perplex your mind to ponder ;
 At yon green wood, were ye but yonder,
 Ye soon wad see
 The crows hae different kinds o' plunder
 That suldna be.

" Ae night a crow flew in a tift,
 Wi' a great lade amang the drift,
 The snaw about my lugs did sift,
 As he pass'd by ;
 Anither crow gied him a lift,
 An' raised him high.

" He chose the tree that he lo'ed best,
 An' on the same he bigg'd his nest,
 His neibor crows could get nae rest
 For mony a day ;
 For a' he could, frae them in haste,
 He took away.

" The ricks he tirl'd bare o' thack,
 An' to his nest he did it tak' ;
 Wi' him the corbies werena slack,
 But carried on,
 Day after day frae every stack,
 Till they had done.

“ Frae ilk dyke they took stump and stoure ;
 Wi’ greedy look aroun’ did glower,
 An’ searched baith wood and fields out o’er,
 For mony a day,
 To get a’ what was in their power,
 To tak’ away.

“ They tore great holes in barn and byre,
 To gratify their keen desire,
 Till they got what they did require,
 To mak’ their nests,
 An’ sticks that folk had for the fire—
 The greedy beasts !

“ As if they had a right to a’
 That frae ilk place they took awa’,
 Frae wood an’ field, an’ ricks an’ straw,
 Made a’ their ain ;
 They flew aye off, and cried—‘ Craw ! caw !’
 An’ cam’ again.”

“ Frae ilk nest they took stick and stab,
 Na, didna leave a single slab ;
 No ane o’ them could pick or daub
 Wi’ him at a’ ;
 He had a weel-set right hard gab—
 The greedy craw !

“ Each puir man’s parritch pot he pickit,
 As clean as ony dog could lick it ;
 Because he’s been sae wretched wicked
 For a lang while,
 Perhaps some fowler in a thicket
 May him beguile.

“ Craw bogles never were mair plenty,
 But yet the craws are still mair vaunty ;
 For ‘tatie fields the craws are bent aye,
 An’ out them pick ;
 For a’ the fowlers still they went aye,
 An’ did these tricks.

“ The thieves and robbers who do lead
 Men on to do each cruel deed,
 To ke to a craw they’ll run wi’ speed,

In search o' prey,
 An' mony lives, through wretched greed,
 They'll take away.

"Whoe'er the head that does combine,
 'Mong those who do our laws resign,
 If he could get what he inclines,
 He wad tak' a' ;
 Ye'll see the proof o' his designs
 Mark'd in a crow."

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT TWO TREES.

ONE morning in the month of May
 The flowers were gilt with dew,
 An Ash unto a Plane tree came
 That once near by her grew.

The Plane tree bow'd her lovely head
 And to the Ash said then—

"My dear companion, come away,
 You're welcome back again."

"Why do you bow your head to me?"
 The pretty Ash did say,

"I'm sure your equal I am not,
 You're beautiful and gay.

"Your spreading leaves adorn you so,
 They're beautiful and green,
 You grow near by a hollow tree,
 A little forest queen.

"A lily-oak near by ye grows
 Amidst the flowery bed,
 The lilies fair around you wave,
 And roses that are red."

"Yes, I will bow my head to you,"
 The Plane tree then did say,
 "For in a flower-pot you were rear'd,
 Nursed in a garden gay.

"The gardener did you plant among
 The fairest of the flowers,
 Each dewy morn they sweetly smell'd
 And after gentle showers.

"I oft have stood the winter cold
And piercing storms severe,
And many weeks have cover'd been
With snow this present year."

"I'm sure your equal I am not,"
The little Ash did say,
"Though in a flower-pot I was rear'd,
Nursed in a garden gay."

"Although you stood the winter cold
And piercing storms severe,
Each time that nature decks the fields
More lovely you appear."

"Would the brave Baronet take us home
Unto his Mansion-hall,
And plant us by the river-side
Although we are but small,"

"Where little birds do sweetly sing,
And pretty fishes swim,
Beside the aged bending trees
That overshadow the stream."

THE DEIL AND THE PHARISEE.

It was about the hour o' ten,
The Pharisee went to a glen;
In purpose to be heard of men,
He loud did pray,
That every ane that pass'd might ken
What he did say.

Although it was a heavy rain,
He loud did pray wi' mournfu' strain,
Till woods an' waters baith again
Re-echo'd back;
Eik word frae them was near as plain
As what he spak'.

The streamers frae the north did beam,
Whiles glimmer'd on the muddy stream,
The thick clouds worried up the gleam,
The night was dark;
Aukl Nick cam' ridin' in a steam
Of engine wark.

Then to the Pharisee he said,
 "You need not be for me afraid;
 I only cam' to be your aid,
 An' you assist,
 For sic' a prayer this night you've made,
 It is the best.

"I'm sure it could'na weel be better;
 Your mouth is smoother far than butter,
 By it you mony a ane wad flatter—
 Your words are sweet;
 They dinna ken your heart is bitter,
 Fu' o' deceit.

"The priests they daily do me wrang
 Each day they never fail to gang
 My wicked subjects still amang,
 Them to convert;
 I think my kingdom, ere it's lang,
 They'll frae me part."

The Pharisee to him did say,
 "I'll be your servant night an' day,
 An' try to keep the priests away
 Frae each gude place;
 I'll accusations on them lay,
 An' them disgrace."

Then Satan said, "Ye are the man,
 Ye aye will do the best ye can
 To carry on that wicked plan,
 To keep them out;
 For far o'er mony in the land,
 Do run about.

"Those priests that are true orthodox,
 That wad be carefu' o' their flocks,
 If ye can but beguile the folks,
 Ca' them unsoun';
 Then though they stand firm as the rocks,
 Ye'll knock them down.

"An' likewise rogue and cheat the poor,
 Who for their meat do labour sore;
 And likewise those frae door to door
 That seek their bread;
 The widows' houses, too, devour—
 'S been lang your trade.

"If you do a' things secretly,
 You may commit much cruelty ;
 Be sure you let naebody see

In onywhere,
 Then ye'll deceive folk wi' a lie,
 Or a lang prayer.

"Whiles by a grace as lang's a tether,
 The folk ye'll cheat, an' gear will gather ;
 Some moonlight nights, amang the heather,

Ye may steal sheep ;
 Then a' your ill-won gowd together
 In bags ye'll keep."

The Pharisee then promised fair
 To do a' what he bade him there ;
 Himself he better wad prepare
 To meet again :

Then Satan flew up in the air
 Amang the rain.

LETTER TO A BROTHER.

DEAR brother I was sorry when
 I heard these mournful news ;
 When death doth come no mortal man
 His errand can refuse.

Your daughter dear, her darling child,
 Within one morning died ;
 Her loving husband was that day
 By Providence sore tried.

When you the mournful tidings heard,
 You all were grieved sore,
 For you and all your family
 Their death did much deplore.

She very much respected was
 Wherever she did go,
 And much regretted was her death
 By all who did her know.

She lived on earth a well spent life,
 In love and faith she died ;
 I hope that by the grace of God
 She would be justified.

When I to Glasgow city went,
 I for awhile did stay ;
 Some friends I did intend to see,
 Before I went away.

It very memorable was—
 And strange it was indeed—
 Aye where I call'd they answer'd me
 That such a one was dead.

It showed to me that we should all
 Be ever on our guard ;
 None can resist the hand of death,
 And say " I'm not prepared."

The next day was the Sabbath day—
 As I to church did go,
 I heard my brother dear was dead,
 Which filled my heart with woe.

He very much respected was,
 A pious life did live ;
 I hope God would receive his soul,
 And all his sins forgive.

WELCOME TO THE INFANT HEIRS OF SIR
 FREDERICK JOHNSTONE.

You'ae welcome, dear children, the sons of the brave,
 The morn of your life is begun ;
 As in years you increase, may the day star of grace
 Shine on you more bright than the sun.
 I hope that you both a great comfort will be,
 And joy to your honour'd mamma ;
 And give her relief from her sorrow and grief
 That she had for your worthy papa.

I hope his good virtues you both will possess,
 His worth, and his honour, and fame ;
 His fine turn of mind, and his feelings so kind,
 I hope you'll inherit the same.
 May you live long on earth, and great happiness have,
 And everything for a wise end ;
 Both health, wealth, and peace, and be true heirs of
 grace—

I your servant will lay down my pen.

LINES ON MRS CRICHTON, ON BUILDING THE
DUMFRIES ASYLUM.

A LADY gay of great renown,
Who is of noble birth and state,
Like her there are but very few—
For charity her fame is great.
All on the pleasant banks of Nith,
Near by Dumfries, on rising ground,
She built a splendid building fine,
With pleasure greens it all around.

The people who are lunatic,
Not long ago they did them keep
Within a darksome, dreary cell,
In solitude to cry and weep.
Like the cold-blooded murderers,
That for their cruelty are confined,
No better usage was for those
That were distracted in their mind.

That lady saw their wretched state,
Which filled her tender heart with grief,
And many thousand pounds she gave
To build that house for their relief.
That building's like a palace fine,
And handsome rooms in it there are ;
And every thing convenient
She for their comfort did prepare.

And surgeons of the greatest skill,
And likewise nurses to attend ;
Those who are grieved in their mind,
They do the best them to amend.
This lady has a tender care
Of all that in the house do dwell,
That they may every comfort have,
And all of them be used well.

When they get better in their mind,
They send them out to take the air ;
To walk within the garden gay,
Among the blooming flowers so fair.
Likewise among the pleasant walks,
Adorned with flowers of every kind,
By liberty and usage good,
They do much consolation find.

This lady for her good works will
 Receive a blessing from above ;
 It is the great command of God
 That we should one another love.
 I hope this lady at her death
 She will receive a better prise,
 To live through all eternity,
 And reign with God beyond the skies.

VERSES ON VISITING LADY MAXWELL'S HOUSE.

ONE evening I walked out to ask,
 For a famed lady gay ;
 I went unto her mansion-place,
 And for few hours did stay.
 She had a loving daughter dear,
 Who had five children fair,
 Whose husband lately was deceased :—
 A while she tarried there.

The house-keeper was very kind,
 Both prudent and discreet ;
 She took me in unto her room,
 And kindly did me treat.

When that these worthy ladies heard,
 That night that I was come,
 They sent the children down to see
 Me in the steward's room.

The worthy mistress of the house
 On each of them did call,
 And introduced them unto me,
 And likewise named them all.

These pretty little ladies were
 Fair as the blooming flowers,
 Whose fragrance sweetly scents the air,
 In gently falling showers.

The little brave young gentlemen
 Were like the blooming rose,
 That in the morning gilt with dew
 Its odour doth diffuse.

It did surprise me very much
 When I these youths did hear,
 By learning and good turn of mind,
 How active both they were.

They by their company honoured me,
 And in the room did stay ;
 Until their tutor called them back,
 They did not go away.

The youths who walk in wisdom's way
 Good learning will acquire ;
 The more in knowledge they increase,
 The more they do desire.

ON OUR QUEEN AND PARLIAMENT.

Long may our royal Queen and Prince,
 And royal young Princess,
 Be spared on earth for a good end,
 And reign in happiness.

And all who are in Parliament,
 And new elected on,
 May by God's blessing still increase,
 And justly do each one.

And all who in the House of Lords,
 That places have by right,
 And all who are around the throne,
 Be pleasing in God's sight.

Long may the Duke of Wellington
 Attend the House of Lords,
 Who did relieve Great Britain from
 The tyrant's bloody swords.

That hero bold and his brave men
 Did make proud Bona yield ;
 They did subdue their enemies,
 Those conquerors on the field.

SONGS.

A HUNTING SONG.

ONE August morning fair,
 And both clear and calm the air,
 Sir Frederick a-hunting did go,
 With his gentlemen of fame,
 When the hunting season came,
 To hunt with his honour also.
 With the pointer and the gun,
 O'er the high hills they did run,
 And servants to attend all the way.

With Mr Gordon I begin,
 Sir Frederick's nearest friend,
 Mr Bagot, Mr Boothbie,—all brave,
 Mr Burrell is the same;
 All intend to hunt the game
 On Westerhall estate and Creave.
 With the pointer, &c.

All the coveys that are met,
 Their fine pointers did them set,
 And as soon as they rose from the ground,
 The gentlemen drew near,
 With their fowling pieces clear,
 Then instantly they did bring them down.
 With the pointer, &c.

O'er heathy hills and moor,
 Where the muir and black-cocks soar,
 They did mount as if they could reach the sky,
 But, alas! they did not know
 That one shot would bring them low,
 And then on the ground they did lie.
 With the pointer, &c.

The partridge he did run
 From the pointer and the gun,
 His danger he knew not at all ;
 He for safety took the air,
 While the gentlemen prepared :
 One single shot did make him down fall.
 With the pointer, &c.

The many fowls that are game,
 All of which I do not name,
 How proudly their wings they did wave !
 But a gentleman's one shot
 Did soon lay them on the spot,
 Their wings by no means could them save.
 With the pointer, &c.

May they still happy be,
 All the jovial company,
 In hunting great pleasure may they have,
 And the weather still be fair,
 And both clear and calm the air,—
 Success to the gentlemen most brave.
 With the pointer, &c.

A LOVE SONG.

TUNE—"Gloomy winter's now awa'."

LADY LOUISA, fair and gay,
 Fair as the annual flower in May,
 That's gilt with dew from infant day,
 Sweet lady fair, be cheerie, O.

Milder than the blooming rose,
 In full bloom that richly glows—
 No flower in nature's field that grows,
 As sweet as you, my dearie, O.

I do see the lily fair,
 Lovely waving in the air—
 These with you can not compare,
 Sweet lady fair, be cheerie, O.

I do see the pleasant bowers,
 All bedeck'd with blooming flowers,
 When dew doth fall or gentle showers,
 They sweetly smell, my dearie, O.

When their sweets are gilt with dew,
 Birds their notes of love renew,
 Which makes me kindly think on you,
 An' makes me blythe an' cheerie, O.

For worth and virtue very few
 Can at all compare with you—
 Beautiful and handsome too,
 You are my only dearie, O.

Though time is still upon the wing,
 Love has a perpetual spring—
 To love no season change can bring,
 Sweet lady fair, be cheerie, O.

From my mansion-place I send
 These few lines which I have penned—
 They will show I do intend
 To see you soon, my dearie, O.

I remain your lover kind,
 Love true happiness doth find—
 Keep me constant in your mind,
 And still be blythe and cheerie, O.

TO MISS M. A. G. T—

My love's a young lady that's pretty and fair,
 And few in the city can with her compare ;
 She is sweeter far than the red blushing rose,
 In the mild month of June that most beautiful blows.
 Her shape's very handsome, her manner is kind,
 Among the young ladies few like her you'll find ;
 The fine hair in ringlets doth beautiful flow—
 Like purest of diamonds her lovely eyes glow.
 Her fine-toned piano she sweetly doth play,
 And her charming sweet voice joins the beautiful lay ;
 She's a fine likeness-drawer, and makes a grand show,
 More artful than any young maid that I know.
 Could I gain her favour I'd make her my bride,
 With joy then we'd walk by the clear river side,
 When trees are in blossom, and pretty flowers grow.
 And birds sweetly sing by the clear streams that fl

A NEW SONG—KIRTLE STREAM.

TUNE—"Highland Maid."

ALONG the banks of Kirtle stream,
 That beautiful doth roll,
 And runs to meet the swelling tide
 That comes without control,
 A building stands most beautiful,
 The spreading trees among,
 Near by the pleasant crystal stream
 That gently glides along.

Beside the pleasant mansion-house
 Are fruitful trees so fair,
 The blooming hawthorn in the vale,
 Doth sweetly scent the air ;
 The cushat coos, the birds sing sweet,
 The spreading trees among,
 Near by the pleasant crystal stream
 That gently glides along.

The rosy brier, and hawthorn sweet,
 Together do entwine ;
 The sun, with his bright golden beams,
 Doth paint their colours fine.
 In morn each breeze, with dewy wing,
 Doth breathe the sweets among,
 Near by the pleasant crystal stream
 That gently glides along.

The building fine, and spreading trees,
 And pleasant fields so fair,
 Belong to a young gentleman
 That few but like him are—
 For honour, and for manners kind,
 To whom these do belong—
 Near by the pleasant crystal stream
 That gently glides along.

When he walks out to see his flock,
 His greyhounds by his side,
 When all things nature do obey,
 And flourish in their pride,

The little lambs do sport and play,
 Their harmless dams among,
 Near by the pleasant crystal stream
 That gently glides along.

And when the hunting doth commence,
 He joins the gentlemen,
 To hunt the wild fowls and the hare,
 O'er hill and muir and glen.
 Long may he live and happy be,
 The gentlemen among,
 Near by the pleasant crystal stream
 That gently glides along.

A LOVE SONG.

TUNE—"Yellow Hair'd Laddie."

My true love is modest, and lovely, and fair,
 Her worth there are not many can with her compare;
 Her eyes are like dew-drops that fall in the morn,
 She's sweet as the blossom that springs from the thorn.

When the wild heath doth bloom on the mountain so
 high,
 And lambkins do sport where the moor-fowls do fly;
 I'll walk with my true love upon the green hill,
 When harmless young rovers do go at their will.

Where the lark doth most beautiful sing in the air,
 In the morn he rejoices, and free from all care;
 When the trees are in blossom, and wild flowers do
 bloom,
 The mild air is filled with the sweetest perfume—

I'll walk with my true love as pleasant as May,
 When at her own home in fine garden gay.
 I'll deck her bosom with roses most fine,
 With lilies and roses, and dew-drops 'twill shine.

There is no other female with her can compare,
 In all my acquaintance like that lady fair;
 I hope before long that my bride she will be,
 And when that we're married then happy we'll be.

SONG

ON THE REGATTA, HELD ON THE RIVER NITH, AUGUST, 1840.

EARLY one harvest morn,
When the dew was on the corn,
Dumfries and Kirkcudbright, I did hear,
By a Club they did agree,
A Regatta there should be
On the beautiful river Nith most clear.

CHORUS—

The cannon loud did roar,
When the brave Commodore
Gave the boatmen the signal to sail.

The crowd some thousands there,
From different places were,
From many places both far and near ;
To see the fine boats run,
And who should the prizes won,
On the beautiful river Nith most clear.
The cannon, &c.

From London city came,
Some boatmen of great fame ;
From Liverpool fine boats they did bring here,
And did intend also,
Our brave Scottish lads to show,
Their merit on the river Nith most clear.
The cannon, &c.

From the New Bridge was the race,
Unto Albany's fine place,
While the crowd to the river side drew near ;
And each strove to gain the day,
And the prize to take away
From the beautiful river Nith most clear,
The cannon, &c.

All the boatmen that were there,
But few could with them compare,
In each boat their own colour did wear ;
Their flags and clothes did shine,
Like the rainbow's beams divine,
On the beautiful river Nith most clear,
The cannon, &c.

The Sylph, and Echo too,
 With their valiant English crew,
 They thought no boat could ever come them near,
 But the Sunbeam passed them by,
 And they could not her come nigh,
 By the Wisharts on the river Nith most clear.
 The cannon, &c.

Kirkcudbright and Dumfries
 With the Wisharts were well pleased,
 And the crowds all around them did them cheer ;
 They built their boat likewise,
 And with honour gained each prize,
 By great merit on the river Nith most clear.
 The cannon, &c.

The Judges that were there
 Both discreet and prudent were,
 The Commodore most honourable I did hear ;
 He still the prizes gave
 Unto those who were most brave,
 On the beautiful river Nith most clear.
 The cannon, &c.

Likewise the Wishart brave,
 All the prizes they did give,
 To the poor of Dumfries burgh, I did hear ;
 These four valiant young men,
 They much honoured Scotland then,
 By their merit on the river Nith most clear.
 The cannon, &c.

The blooming English Rose
 By the Scottish Thistle grows,
 But the Rose came the Thistle pretty near ;
 They each other did adorn,
 Yet the Thistle proved a thorn,
 When they met on the river Nith most clear.
 The cannon, &c.

Success unto Dumfries,
 And Kirkcudbright likewise,
 Likewise the English boatmen when they're here,
 May love still bear the sway,
 And contention drive away,
 On the beautiful river Nith most clear.
 The cannon, &c.

SONG.—MR J. C. TO A YOUNG LADY.

ONE morning in the month of May,
 When tender flowers did spring,
 The budding rose did mildly blush—
 The birds did sweetly sing.

From eastern clime the rising sun
 Did paint each blooming shade:
 I walked down by a river clear,
 To see my lovely maid.

The hawthorn had a pleasant smell,
 Bedeck'd with blossoms fine;
 The blooming flowers all gilt with dew
 Most beautiful did shine.

The willow by the river grew,
 The trees with green were clad,
 As I walked down the river clear,
 To see my lovely maid.

The bonny birch with blossoms fine,
 Likewise the rosy brier;
 The sun with his bright golden beams
 Shone on the river clear.

The flowers had all a pleasant smell—
 The trees with blossoms clad,
 As I went down the river clear,
 To see my lovely maid.

With joyful steps I walked along
 Through many a pleasant grove;
 Each bird sang sweetly with his mate,
 While I thought on my love.

When to her father's hall I came,
 These words to her I said—
 I love no other lady fair
 But you my lovely maid.

My love is very beautiful,
 And likewise kind and true:
 She said to me then, "I do love
 No other youth but you."

For virtues few can her excell;
 These words to me she said—
 "I hope ere long I'll be your bride,"
 Said my dear lovely maid.

THE HAPPY LOVER.

TUNE—"Blair's Muir."

ONE evening in the gloaming,
 When that the tide was coming,
 I saw the billows foaming,
 And heard them loudly roar.

I went to see my lover,
 But her did not discover—
 Until the night was over
 I walked along the shore.

But early in the morning,
 As twilight was returning—
 The smiling dawn adorning
 The pleasant river clear.

Alone as I did wander,
 I viewed the flowers so tender—
 I gazed on them with wonder
 All gilt with morning tear.

Along the bank so bonny,
 I met my dearest honey,
 That's sweeter far than ony,
 And beautiful and fair.

The blackbirds and thrushes,
 That sing among the bushes—
 The rose that sweetly blushes,
 Cannot with her compare.

The birds were sweetly singing,
 The valleys loudly ringing,
 The pretty flowers were springing,
 All sweet to see and hear.

All these are dull and dreary
 When absent from my dearie—
 But every thing is cheerie,
 When I am with my dear.

A NEW SONG ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

TUNE—"Highland Maid."

A BRAVE young gentleman that cross'd
 The raging seas that foam,
 He left his friends and comrades all,
 That safely dwell at home.

He left his lands and mansion-place,
 And cross'd the raging main,
 In hopes his fortune to enlarge,
 And then return again.

His friends and his acquaintance all,
 His absence sore do mourn,
 Yet they all great comfort have,
 That he will soon return.

If life and health do favour him,
 When he is o'er the main—
 When he his fortune doth enlarge,
 He will return again.

When he is in a foreign land,
 He will not long be there,
 Till by his worth and merit will,
 Find friends in everywhere.

I hope he will good fortune have
 When he is o'er the main ;
 When he his fortune doth enlarge,
 He will return again.

The tide rolls on without control,
 As dashes fierce the spray,
 To bring this youth safe home again,
 With his dear friends to stay.

Then never more to go away,
 But still at home remain—
 No more to leave his friends to mourn,
 Nor cross the raging main.



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